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SAMUEL McANULTY.

A PIONEER OF ADAMS COUNTY.

[By His Grandson, W. O. Farlow.]

Samuel McAnulty was born September, 1807, near Pittsburgh, in Alleghany County, Pennsylvania, being the son of Samuel McAnulty, of Scotch parentage, and Elizabeth Holliday McAnulty, of North of Ireland ancestry. With his parents he moved to Dayton, Ohio, when 12 years old, and very much like the boys of his time he acquired a "smattering of education" in the ordinary school of his day. I now recall his telling me of the customs of those times, and among the queer things was that the letter "J" was called "Jod-eye" and the letter "Z" was called "Izzard." They used the "quill" pens and the legal documents were drawn on "sheepskins," as was the custom for many years afterwards in the West.

On September 25, 1828, he married an estimable woman, of Scotch parentage, Lucinda McFarland of Xenia, Ohio, a woman known for her untiring industry and kindness of heart. She it was that shared his hardships, his trials and his pleasures, during all the years of their activities. In the summer of 1832 this couple with their one child started west to make a home, going by way of the "prairie schooner." After a long and eventful journey, fraught with hardship and privations, on the 9th day of October, 1832, these pioneers arrived in Houston township, Adams County, Illinois, and here in the shadow of a giant forest tree they pitched their tent, and in the years that followed they made a home in all that the word implies.

The cabin was soon made ready for occupancy, as the pioneer was a mechanic as well as a farmer, and the land having been "fired on" was begun to be broken from the virgin sod for the next year's crop. With patient industry, as the years came and went they began to prosper and the family grew. The spinning wheel and the loom were kept

busy. Neighbors came. The land was finally paid for. Their cabin had been a stopping place for immigrants, and they had become well and favorably known in many ways. The new house was built and another "quarter of land" had been acquired up in the prairie.

Quincy, the county seat, had become a thriving place and it was there they sold their surplus and bought the few supplies necessary. Luxuries were unthought of. The first saw-mill on Bear Creek was put in operation by this energetic man. Bridges were built, and in all these enterprises he was the leading spirit.

There came a day when the murmurings of the people to the north were heard to say that the Mormons were committing depredations in Hancock County, and it would have to cease. The sturdy men of the time had no patience with the cult of Joseph Smith, and while his city was the largest in Illinois, that did not deter the settlers from organizing against this prince of impostors, and, as history records, they did go to Nauvoo and drive them out of the State. Captain McAnulty was there to do his patriotic duty, and many is the time I have heard him relate some of the experiences of that expedition, that in after years meant so much to the fair name of Illinois and had such a bearing on the destinies of the State of Utah and its people.

During the events leading up to the Civil War his action and his energy displayed in the interest of the Union has always been a very great source of satisfaction to me, and possibly explains in a measure my deep and abiding faith in the greatness of the men of those perilous times.

Slavery to him was an institution of Hades, and I remember one time as a little boy, I was down in the timber with him after a load of wood, and he pointed at the stump of a once giant tree and said to me: "I came here very many years ago one morning after a part of that tree, and when I drove up near it a black man got up from behind this stump and started to run away, and I called to him to come back; that I was his friend, and when he did return he said he was a slave trying to get to Canada, and that near here was a man that would help him. I told him that I was that man, and asked him if he was hungry, and he said that he had

swam the Mississippi River above Quincy, and had not had anything to eat for two days, and had got this far and was waiting till night to go on." He told me that he immediately went to the house and that his noble wife fixed ample provisions and he took it to the black man, and when night came he drove him above Plymouth Illinois, to the next station, at the old Burton Farm, and in that way he was always ready to help the down trodden, and was a power for good at a time when it tried men's metal. His house was a meeting place for the forwarding of supplies to the front during the war, and in civil life he was the counsellor of the weak and discouraged.

It was a common custom for those that held mortgages to foreclose or to take over the land sometimes without the formalities of law. My grandfather always was ready to insist that those who made an honest effort should have another chance, and I have gone with him around the neighborhood, where he would borrow all the money available, and help some widow retrieve a piece of land that was to be sold for taxes or for mortgage.

As I now remember him, he was a logician of no mean ability and I can readily understand why he was sought out by the people of his vicinity to lead and counsel them.

At another time I was with him in the same woods, and he said to me, "William, do you see that high spot of ground in the center of that cleared place in the timber?" I said, 'yes sir' "Well you go and stand on the high point" and I did so. "Now, he said, when I came to Illinois in 1832, that was a great pile of ashes and I expect that all around here were a lot of Indians who were having a Council of War, and they cut the timber with stone axes and made a giant camp fire and debated the best way to rout their enemies."

The fact that Camp Point, four miles south of him, was so named, because it had been a great camping place for the Indians, would bear out this reasoning. He took me on my first fishing trip, and when he had caught the first fish I ever saw dangle at the end of a line, he held it up for me to see, and after taking it off, he gave me the pole to see what I could do. And, I noticed—he was busy about the big log just back of us, and pretty soon he came up and threw the cat-

fish he had caught, back in the creek, and after we had caught several he called to me to come to him, and holding up this same catfish, he said, "Now this poor foolish fish did not profit by his experience, but bit at the same hook again. You see I took it back to the log before and cut a fork off of its tail so we would know if we caught it again, now, you want to profit by every mistake you make, all through life" he said, "If you do not you will not be able to make much progress," and I often think, how true, but how little we learn after all.

It was my good fortune to be with this excellent couple very much when I was a small boy, and when they were going down the decline of life, and I gained a store of knowledge first hand of pioneer days in our State.

I used often to lie in front of the fire-place and look at the pictures of the Revolutionary soldiers, and British red coats and hear of the prowess and fame of the great Washington, all of which tended to give me a grander conception of life and its duties.

My grandmother never would use a kerosene light, but always held to the old lard oil lamp of former days, being afraid of an explosion. She was well known for her industry and motherly feelings toward those less fortunate than her own. And after raising a family of eight of her own children, she was also the mother to five orphans, all of whom turned their teachings from her to good account. It was this association and the going "out to grandma's" that enables me to fully appreciate that trully wonderful poem of Riley's "Out to Aunt Mary's". My grandfather being an Ohio man was also a good farmer, and the buildings and fences were kept in repair and the farm showed a neat and inviting appearance. The horses were a source of comment wherever he drove them, always being in fine condition.

They lived on the same farm 44 years. It was the scene of their labor, joy and success, and with very much regret they left it and moved to Camp Point in 1876, to round out the years of two lives well spent. The fruits of their labors were enjoyed together until the early eighties when that goodly woman, Lucinda McFarland McAnulty died, and this was followed in 1885 by the death of my grandfather, Samuel McAnulty.